

Average White Band

"A Delicate Tracery Of Red"

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The imperfections of earthly beauty mean nothing to
me as I am swallowed by my art
Posthumous, and thus greater will be your beauty
I will expose the masterpiece within your reviled form
A delicate tracery of red...
...as I inflict upon you carvings of arcane design
Convulsions of lacerated tissue
I will shape a cruel and permanent smile on those
sweetly curved lips
Renderings of utmost lucidity
With a loving violence the blade lingers over your skin
A delicate tracery of red...
...I will release the beauty trapped beneath your skin
Once you must have smiled so sweetly
The world endless before your eyes
I miss you though I've never known you
But I can and will tell the end of your story
In the intricacies of these lines
The cut of your features
Smear'd beneath my fingertips
My breath coming quicker
Aroused by the revelations of my incisions line
Agonized, the line of your brow
I relieve it's tension by a cut of a tendon
Beautiful in darkest repose
I delineate the course of your sorrows
Incarnidine convolutions and conflicting strokes of
carnelian
Rich, trailing behind the sharpened edge
Fluid welling up like some purified crimson wine
I exalt you by my atrocities
A delicate tracery of red...
...with your tortured flesh I aspire to approach the
sublime through...
...a delicate tracery of red
Overcome by a great and sinister joy
In this, my most tender of cruelties
Forms of perfected aspect exposed from within
Animate is my medium, you writhing as my canvas
I revel in your soiled femininity
As the razors dance in your deepest and most secret

place
Your screams were the purest of melodies
The low moans you emit arouse my disgust
You

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